Romeo Without Juliet

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Summary: Lucina takes matters into her own hands and passes her judgment on the ever-so-compliant Robin. In his final dying moments, he reveals something to her that she wishes she had never heard about, and it leaves her questioning for the first time whether her actions were worth the pain and unbearable guilt. The answer? Yes...yes it was.

Chapter 1: Romeo Without Juliet

Lucina watched with cold eyes as heavy rivers of blood ran down the edges of the blade and dripped onto her hand. Ever since the death of Chrom, she had loathed and vowed to cut down the person responsible for ending her father's life. And now, nothing but a combination of pure satisfaction and raging hatred filled her being as she glared at that said person on the receiving end of her blade. Robin…the famed tactician…her father's best friend and most trusted ally…the vessel of Grima. Out of those three, it was the last title that really only mattered at this point. Chrom was killed by Grima in her time and Robin was Grima; by killing him, the two missions she had risked her life travelling across time to complete were a success. It was all over now. She not only avenged the father she had lost, but she also saved the life of her father in this time.

Robin stared at her with pained and innocent eyes, and she did feel a pang of remorse for doing this. But she knew he was anything but innocent. He was a future killer who needed to be stopped before he could be the one solely responsible for the undoing of the entire world. Naga told her as much. It had to be done. Even still though…she couldn't deny the sick, guilty feeling that was steadily beginning to rise up in her. Robin was a genius who could turn any dire situation into a victory. Everyone loved him and always sought him out for personal advice that they didn't feel comfortable revealing to anyone else. He and Chrom were pretty much brothers, always leaning on each other for support. Now to have that suddenly ripped away from everyone, like a bully snatching up a toy from a young child and defiling it in front of their eyes, she couldn't imagine the pain they were all about to be in when they found out. They were going to hate her, scorn her, demand for her blood, while her father would defend her as best he could even though he too would once again feel the unbearable sting of grief, made worse by the fact that his own daughter killed his best friend. However Lucina knew better. She knew that each and every one of these people here would be hurt even more than they were about to be now if she had let Robin live, thereby allowing him to kill them all off. Then they'd experience the true pain she was fighting hard to prevent. If that meant shouldering the burden by herself, then so be it.

"Lucina…" Robin choked out, his sad eyes baring into hers.

Lucina winced at how raspy his voice came out. She had promised him a painless death, but she wasn't expecting him to hold on to whatever life he had left after that swift blow. In fact, he could have been spared from all of this had he try to fight back or simply decline her offer to talk, yet she knew that he would follow her if she asked of it. Now that she thought about it, why would Robin do anything for her at all? If she needed a training partner, he would quickly offer before any other male could. If she was sitting alone at the dining hall, he'd always come sit next to her. Whenever she spent a night's worth of crying from nightmares, he'd always be the first to ask her if she was alright, as if he had heard her and she didn't know it. And just now, he immediately gave his consent for her to kill him without a second thought, though he did look rather emotionally hurt by that decision. Robin always acted like he was twisted around her finger…but why? She never asked anything of him.

Lucina yanked Falchion out of his chest, resulting in more blood splattering from the wound and a little onto her clothes. Without the support of the blade, Robin fell unceremoniously to the ground, already bleeding out into a puddle on the once green grass. At this rate, nothing could save him. Validar's plans have been shattered. He opened his mouth as he struggled to breathe, and Lucina knelt down next to his head so she could hear him better.

"Lucina…"

"Why?" She asked. "Why did you do this? It didn't have to be this way…you could have at least put up a fight…"

"I'd never…be able…to do that…" He took in a long, dragging breath of air. "I could never…fight…the woman…I love…"

It felt like a rock just settled into Lucina's stomach. She muttered in disbelief, "…What did you say?"

"I…loved you…"

In that moment, Lucina thought that she herself had just been stabbed in the heart with a knife. That would explain his overly friendly behavior and innocent advances, but…no! The Robin she knew was a murderer and a demon, not Robin the victim. She couldn't feel sorry for the one responsible for ruining her life, forcing her to endure hell on a daily basis with the uncertainty if she would arrive back home alive. She couldn't let herself regret this victory for her people. She had to be strong in her resolve and true to herself.

"Robin…" Lucina cut herself off when she heard her voice wavering. After a brief pause, she continued, "You can't love… what you cannot have…"

Robin's jaw dropped as a betrayed expression graced across his features. Great, Lucina thought. Not only did she stab him in the chest and cut his life short, but now she was making his last moments painful beyond belief. Though he

wasn't speaking, he was silently implying what was on his heart. Why? After everything he did for her, why was she blind to his feelings? Well…now he knew what Cordelia went through all the time. Lucina gave him a pitying look, but he didn't want her pity. He wanted her love. But either way, he was dead…so why did anything matter to him anymore? He could feel his eyes growing heavy, and it was getting harder to breathe, no doubt his time was just about up. With one final breath, he whispered, "For Chrom…and Ylisse…and you, Lucina…"

Even with his last breath, he would still do anything for her. Lucina ignored the burning sensation in her eyes as she nodded, "Your sacrifice will not be in vain today, Robin."

With those parting words, Robin's eyes closed and his chest fell still. Finally…it was all over. Lucina bowed her head in honor of the dead man before standing up and looking into the distance. No one was coming…good. Leaving her sword where it was, she ran as fast as she could toward no predetermined destination. She just knew she had to get away from everyone, the soldiers, her father. Especially her father. She just kept on sprinting and all the while ignoring the accusing, negative voices that were springing up in her head. She promised herself she wouldn't regret this, and it was already in the past. She was going to continue on where Robin fell today without even looking back. At last, she came to a clearing in some forest about a mile or two away from camp. It was there where she decided to sit down and lean against a tree. Now that her stay in this timeline was over, she could go back to her own world. She wasn't sure what it was going to be like, but she didn't care. She had to get away from here. Fatigue started to take over her body and before she knew it, she was on her side and panting heavily, her face and body drenched with sweat, and it was only now did she realize how tired she was. Her vision began to blur, and right now her entire body was practically begging for her to rest. As she was about to give in to her body's desires, Lucina could have thought she saw through her hazy sight a white-haired figure wearing a heavy, black robe with his hands on his hips and his face all but impassive at her circumstances. She grit her teeth and weakly shook her head.

"So this is…where…the journey…ends…" She wheezed before she completely collapsed to the ground and her eyes tightly shut closed.